

Benefit, Wednesday evening, at Litke's, for Fire Co. No. 1. Tickets, ten cents.

South Jersey Republican

Do your Christmas Shopping EARLY, And do it RIGHT HERE IN TOWN!

Three cents per copy.

HOYT & SON, Publishers and Printers.

One twenty-five per year.

Vol. 52

HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1914

No. 49

Regular meeting of Town Council next Wednesday evening.

D. M. Chapman has been drawn for the Camden County Grand Jury, on Tuesday, Nov. 24th. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Weckerly on.

Meeting of the Workingmen's Association next Monday evening.

Charles Snyder was home from High University, over Thanksgiving.

John Furness, of Egg Harbor, left a week at his daughter's, in Scranton.

A small boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Hickman on Friday, Nov. 27th.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid Society Fair will continue to-day, Littlefield's office.

The Board of Health holds its monthly meeting next Tuesday evening, in Town Hall.

Firemen's benefit at Eagle Theatre next Wednesday evening. Tickets are on sale by members, and others.

Following is the record for the month of November: precipitation, 4.42 inches; rainy days, 4; part cloudy, 1; clear, 24.

One of Osgood's men, by name Smith, added one to Tuesday's mishaps by taking a tumble, cutting his face severely.

Mrs. Jessie Brimfield, of Egg Harbor, and Mrs. Unsworth, from Passaic, made a flying visit at Scranton's, in their car.

Mrs. Idella N. Gardner will speak on "New Thought," at City Hall, Presser Building, Philadelphia, this afternoon.

Victor Moore, nephew of Collector Davis, is in a hospital at Los Angeles, Cal., having undergone an operation for appendicitis.

Those who know of needy ones in secure garments of Needlework Guild by applying to Mrs. Wm. Bernshouse, Central Avenue.

Town Clerk Seely will hold a reception to the firemen on Monday evening, from seven to eight, at which time they can make out bills for services.

At the Firemen's benefit, next Wednesday evening, at Litke's, there will be several special reels, also appropriate music by a young lady from Egg Harbor.

All Souls Church, to-morrow, morning service at 11 o'clock; subject, "Worship and work." Miss Elsie Meyer will sing. Evening, 7:30, pastor's subject, "The demands of the age."

Buchre Club will give a concert Thursday evening, in City Hall, for the benefit of the Italian Fund. Tickets are at Mrs. Ballard's, and Baker's, ten cents each.

One Cunningham will hold a request next Monday, at Egg Harbor, the case being a man by the name of Sharpe, who was accidentally shot and killed during the hunting season.

St. Mark's Church, Second Sunday in Advent. Morning Prayer and Holy Communion at 7 o'clock. Litany and Holy Communion at 10:30; Sunday School at 11:45; Evening Prayer, 7:30.

A postal has been received from Orville Bassett's family, dated at New Orleans, Nov. 19th. Another, from Los Angeles, Nov. 23, stated that they arrived at 2:45, Saturday, all well, were met by A. H. Whitmore, with an auto. The next day they made a tour of the city, and were delighted. They have leased a furnished bungalow, are comfortably settled, and happy.

Pupils of the Seventh and Eighth Grades have been taking considerable pride in their sewing, and justly so, too. On Wednesday, the Civic Club, through a committee of judges—Mrs. Little, Mrs. Holman, and Mrs. Fry,—awarded twelve prizes for best work on white and colored patches, and white and colored aprons,—first, second, and third prizes for each. Samples of the best will be sent to the exhibit at May's Landing to-day, and will doubtless be favored there also.

Sixteen shopping days to Xmas.

Mrs. Mary C. Rubertone, widow of the late Joseph Rubertone, died on Saturday, Nov. 28th, after long illness. Deceased was, as were her husband and his family, well thought of. Three small children survive her.

The family of the late Edwin Adams desire to express to their neighbors and many friends their sincere appreciation for the words of sympathy, deeds of kindness, and beautiful floral tributes during their bereavement.

The Board of Trade held its annual meeting on Tuesday evening. Among the items of business were the re-election of all officers and instructing the committee to proceed with its plans for a banquet to be held early in January.

M. E. Church. Preaching by the pastor, W. L. Shaw, at 10:30 and 7:30. Morning subject, "Love's gifts in three realms." Sunday School at noon. Junior League at 3:00. Prayer service, Thursday, at 7:30 p.m. Meeting for election of two trustees at close of prayer service.

One of the out-of-town plasterers fell while working in the Trust Company's building, from second story ceiling to the cellar bottom, on Tuesday, without any serious injury. It is said that he received several bruises, but no broken bones.

Baptist Church, Dec. 6th. 10:30 a.m., Bible Day; theme, "The Bible, a reservoir of power." The children's talk, "Children of the King." Morning service followed by observance of Lord's Supper. Bible School at noon. 6:30, Y. P. S. C. E. At 7:30, theme, "What think ye of Christ?"

On Wednesday night, one of Bernshouse's black horses was stolen from the Walmer Street barn, taking with it a set of harness and buggy belonging to another party. No track of the thief has been found as yet, though a search is being made. This is not the first one borrowed from Mr. B.'s stables.

It must ever be the heart purpose of those within the Presbyterian Church to make each service definitely answer some one's needs. Morning worship at 10:30, to-morrow; theme, "True prayer always answered." Evening, 7:30, topic, "What is religion?" 12 o'clock, Sabbath School. Thursday eve's, prayer meeting at 7:30.

While playing with her cousins at East Orange, Thanksgiving, little Lena Jackson back-stepped through a hole in the second floor of a barn, and fell to the floor below. For a few hours she appeared to be seriously injured—unconscious—but fortunately such was not the case. Prompt aid was rendered by Mrs. Tilton and Mrs. Jacobs, and their physician; and on Saturday she was brought home by her mother. Though badly bruised, it is thought that she will be none the worse for the tumble.

Alumni Entertainment.

A debate will feature the second entertainment of the series, to be held in the High School Auditorium next Monday, 8 p. m. Subject, "Resolved, that the U. S. government should assume the ownership and operation of the railroads within next five years."

For the affirmative, Messrs. W. J. Cusworth and Wm. B. Phillips will appear; while the negative side will be presented by Messrs. W. H. Gardner and N. C. Holdridge.

A very interesting debate is assured. Don't miss it.

Un-Claimed Letters.

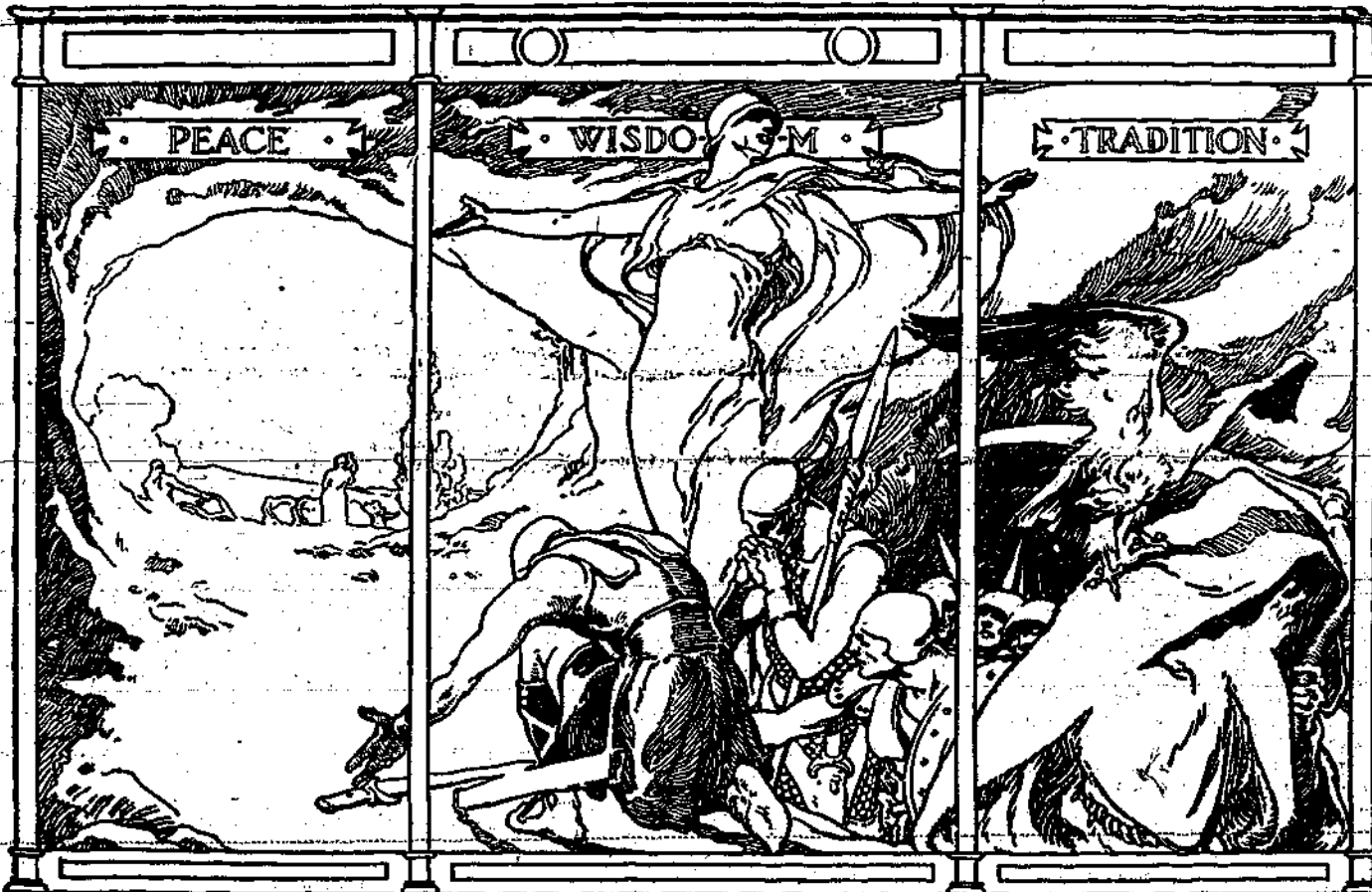
The following letters remained unclaimed for in the Hammonton Post Office on Wednesday, Dec. 2, 1914:

Mr. C. C. Girard Dr. Polak
Mrs. Hack
Pursell, Antonio Nafati
Giuseppe Bardi di Ambrosio

Persons calling for any of the above will please state that it was advertised. THOS. C. ELVING, Postmaster.

BANK BROTHERS

Buying at Home. Give your earnest consideration what it means to your community. Needless to say much about it; you all know that the prosperity of your town merchants depends on how much you are willing to help them. We are going to deserve your Christmas patronage by providing the biggest collection of honest merchandise ever shown, and prices we assure you will be low.



Out of the dark caves of Tradition, Wisdom leads the Warrior to a view of peace; the shrouded figure of Death, with his scythe, the war eagle on his shoulder turning away; the peaceful plowman; the mother; the child.

The contrast between our condition and that of those war-shattered towns and fields should make us contented and cheerful over our better lot. You may think this has little or nothing to do with the Clothing business. But any consideration of the benefits of peace which we enjoy has something to do with every business. We should go about our business, whatever it is, with thankful hearts. Our business is to provide wearing apparel for the community, and we have done it better than ever before.

Clothes for Men.

From the best manufacturers. Those made for us by Hart Schaffner & Marx at \$18, \$20 and \$22.50 for Suits and Overcoats.

Kirshbaum Clothes

at \$12.50, \$15, \$16.50, and \$18, for Suits and Overcoats.

Great values at \$7.50 and \$10 for \$7.50 and \$10

At each and every price you will find many weaves and choice models to choose from.

Toy Land is Open.

It is in a separate space, and by itself.

Come and look around; you don't have to buy until you are ready,—just see what we have to offer, and learn how our prices compare, so when you get ready to buy you will know just where to go.

We advise early shopping, as stocks are more complete.

In due time, old Santa Claus will be here to answer your children's queries.

This Store is brim-full with New Goods.

Useful gifts can be bought for every member of the family, at a small outlay.

Gloves make a very Useful Gift.

Our stock was bought away ahead, before the prices advanced, and as a result we are in a position to offer you better values.

Men's Cape Gloves at \$1, \$1.25, \$2, and \$2.50.

Men's Suede Gloves, 50 c, \$1, and \$1.50

Men's Cape lined gloves at 48 c, \$1, and \$1.50

Men's Gauntlet Gloves, lined or unlined, at \$1, \$1.50, and \$2.50

Men's Gauntlet lined Gloves, special at 48 cts, \$1, and \$1.50

Women's Kid Gloves at \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, and \$2, in black, gray, tan, brown, and white; also different colors with white braid trimmed.

Women's long Silk Gloves at 75 cts, \$1 and \$1.50, white, black and tan.

BANK BROTHERS' STORE

Hammonton

New Jersey

THE WIDOW MEETS HER WATERLOO

A PENNY for your troubles!" remarked the Bachelor, as he came upon the Widow, immersed in deep thought at the end of the piazza, and gazing with a faraway expression at the distant hills.

The Widow started and smiled slowly and a little sadly as she made room for him beside her and tucked his morning robe into her brown hair. "Count ten over me!" she answered. "I'm finished—bowed over—completely knocked out! I defy you to find an ounce of egotism concealed anywhere about me. And as for my vanity, it has dissolved like the mists of dawn before the sun. I'm a back number, Mr. Weatherby!"

"You!" exclaimed the Bachelor, incredulously. "What on earth have you been doing?"

"Meeting my Waterloo," announced the Widow, calmly. "Talking to the 'Sweet Young Thing'."

"To the—what?"

"To the debutante, the 'squad' as you men call her—to a whole crowd of them. And I find as a drawer of men and a heater of hearts I am fully five years behind the times. What I don't know about the genus homo would fill a five-foot shelf. I'm just a 'sweet old-fashioned woman' after all. Mr. Weatherby. And only a few short years ago I was considered so—quite."

"Quite so," interrupted the Bachelor, hastily.

"Quite sophisticated," finished the Widow, "quite advanced."

"In fact, almost dangerous," murmured the Bachelor.

"But the 'Sweet Young Thing' of 1914 has left me at the post," declared the Widow frankly. "At fifteen she knows things about men, women and emotions that almost terrify me. She has been brought up on the 'sex question' instead of on 'bread' and 'milk.' She has studied the 'sex appeal' until she knows it better than her Mother Goose. Men are an open book to her, and she reads them in words of one syllable. She needs no 'Mother to guide her.' The managing mamma is a babe in the woods beside her, and even a Widow is a simple child. I felt like a dear old granny when I tried to give her a little advice."

"I hope you advised her that 'modesty is the best policy,'" remarked the Bachelor as a "Sweet Young Thing" floated diaphanously past them.

"I did!" groaned the Widow. "But when I assured her that men are like the park squirrel (if you fling your favors or your charms at them they will never come up and eat out of your hand), she replied that waiting for Prince Charming to come riding by night might have been all right once, but that nowadays a girl has to go out and trip up his horse. What do you think of that, Mr. Weatherby?"

"Oh, well," laughed the Bachelor philosophically, "the girl of to-day has a great deal bigger job before her than the debutante of ten years ago, you know. Once upon a time men used to marry when they lost their hearts, but nowadays they wait until they lose their heads. But—er, what did she tell you?"

"You'd hate to hear it," the Widow warned him. "She put your whole sex on the end of a hatpin and then proceeded to dissect it. She has your faults, your vices, your follies and your weaknesses all assorted, boxed, ticketed and labelled. There isn't an illusion left about you—nor a spark of romance!"

"And yet," exclaimed the Bachelor, with a whistle of incredulity, "she is ready and willing to marry one of us?"

"Ready and willing!" repeated the Widow, with a hysterical little laugh; determined! She says you're the only thing there is to marry!"

"And they look so harmless and innocent!" sighed the Bachelor, as a bevy of Sweet Young Things in white muslin floated by.

"Don't they!" laughed the Widow recently. "Not a bit deep, dandy and delectable—like a widow, for instance. But the lure of the widow, like the glamour of the actress and the danger of the divorcee, are all just myths of the past, Mr. Weatherby. The charms of black crepe fade into nothingness beside the charms of diaphanous gowns and free-you-waists and slashed skirts. No actress could wear fewer clothes and more paint than a modern debutante; no divorcee could be more sophisticated. It's the age of the squad. Mr. Weatherby of the baby face and the rosebud mouth and the knowledge of the serpent. And the only thing for a poor, simple-minded, unsophisticated widow to do is to retire from the scene."

"Oh, it's not so bad as all that!" said the Bachelor, consolingly. "There are still a few 'sweet, old-fashioned' fellows who like simple, childish, ruleless little things like—like you. Here comes one of them now, for instance."

The widow glanced up at the blushing young man who timidly approached her. "College boys!" she murmured and

ly. "Oh, yes, a widow can still flirt with college boys!"

THEN HE UNDERSTOOD.

A New York divine had occasion, in his early days, to officiate at a christening in a small fishing village in Massachusetts. The proud father, a young fisherman, awkwardly holding his first-born daughter, was visibly embarrassed under the scrutiny of the many eyes in the congregation, and his nervousness was not decreased by the sudden waiting of the infant as they stood at the font.

When the time for baptism arrived the clergyman noticed that the father was holding the child so that its fat legs pointed toward the font. "Turn her this way," he whispered. But the father was too disconcerted to hear or understand.

"Turn her feet around," the minister whispered again, but there was no response.

The situation was fast becoming critical, when an old seaman in the back of the church came to the rescue. Putting his weather-beaten hand to his mouth, he roared across the room:—

"Head her into the wind, Tom!"

RUNNING NO RISKS.

Consequent upon a quantity of wood being missed from a mill in B—, the manager gave orders for a notice, stating that anyone caught taking any wood away from the mill without permission would be instantly dismissed, to be put up.

The day after the notice was put up one of the millers happened to get a splinter in his foot a few minutes before they had to cease work for the day.

He at once went to the miller working on the next pair of mules, and asked him to pull it out; but the miller, knowing it was dressing time, asked him if he would wait until the next morning, as he wanted to get home as early as possible.

"Now," said the other miller, "aw man, have it pulled out before we leave here at 8 o'clock."

"Why?" came the exclamation.

"Because, according to that notice which was put up yesterday, anyone caught taking wood away from the mill will be sacked!" was the miller's reply.

VERY BAD TASTE.

A funeral was recently held at a town in the North, the corpse being that of a foreman who had been exceedingly popular with his railway associates and with the community generally.

Floral tributes were plentiful and the widow exhibited them with no little pride.

"Yes," she explained to sympathizing friends, "them flowers do be showing how many friends he had. That cross came from the superintendent, and that one is from the contractor, and the broken column was sent by the mayor himself."

At this point she paused for a moment as her eye lighted on a beautiful anchor, which she grabbed savagely and flung out of the widow, exclaiming as she did so:—

"Who could have had the bad taste to send that pick?"

HAD EVERY TIME.

Smith was a constant worry to his friends. They never knew when to and when not to treat him seriously.

One day he and Brown met casually in the street, and stopped, as friends do, to gossip for a while.

"Big blaze—that fire at the factory in Johnson Street last night, wasn't it?" asked Brown.

"Yes," replied Smith, "I went down to have a look at it. And, my word, there were several mighty narrow escapes there, too!"

"Especially," cried Brown, excitedly. "But the morning paper said that there was no one in the building."

Smith nodded.

"Oh," he said, "the firemen brought the escape down with them! So long, old chap!"

ADAM'S DISTINCTION.

Pat, who had been summoned for beating his wife, did all he knew to put the blame on to his mother-in-law, and, in consequence, was chided by the bench for his lack of gallantry.

"Why people should think it clever and right to malign their mother-in-law I don't know," remarked the magistrate. "In chivalry quite dead among us? I could," he added, "tell you of men who never once said an unkind word to their mother-in-law, who never had the bad taste to complain about their mother-in-law's actions, who never—"

"I only know of one, your honor," interrupted Pat.

The magistrate nodded.

"And if you want to know his name, your honor," went on Pat, "it's Adam."

"Oh, it's not so bad as all that!" said the Bachelor, consolingly. "There are still a few 'sweet, old-fashioned' fellows who like simple, childish, ruleless little things like—like you. Here comes one of them now, for instance."

The widow glanced up at the blushing young man who timidly approached her. "College boys!" she murmured and

THE FASHIONABLE ROSE.

Whatever else you wear, a rose must be pinned on you. And the very smart spot where it should rest is upon the left shoulder, nestling against the collar of the neck. It must not be on the lapel of a coat, but it may be at the waistline or exactly in the front of the neck where one could place a brooch, if brooches were worn.

On evening gowns, one puts roses in the middle of the drapery wherever the drapery happens to be; and there is also a return to the wreath of roses on the bodice which was an 1870 fashion.

One sees tight-fitting bodices of pale blue tulle mounted over blue satin, cut in sharp points back and front, is also a return to the wreath of roses, peach-blossoms, or moss rosebuds or daisies running from the right shoulder to the waist.

The fashion is not always attractive, but it has an old-fashioned tang that many folks like.

On every smart evening gown there is at least one rose, usually a full-blown pink one with a rubber stem and small green leaves carelessly pinned to the middle of the slender shoulder-strap that holds up the bodice.

Sometimes there are streamers of white tulle that hang from the shoulders and the rose, and this is a more becoming fashion to the woman with thin arms, although one must confess that she is not as much perturbed over this defect as her ancestors were in 1870.

It is so much the fashion to be thin these days that a woman rather glories in the fact, and does not try to suppress it, or, rather, cover it up. She accentuates it.

At the crinoline ball given by the Duchesse de Grammont, for which Paul Poiret made the costumes, there were launched gowns with ruffled skirts, festooned with pink roses. This fashion has lasted over into the summer.

The crinoline part has not taken, fortunately, and women still refuse to wear skirts that make them look like barrels, but there are many gowns made of flat tulle ruffles which have three or four festoons of pink and white roses.

At first glance they look like fancy dress frocks, and one is astonished at them until one suddenly remembers that one is in the presence of a brand new fashion.

PINK CHEEKS AND CURLS.

A very good food for keeping the hair in curl is made of a tablespoonful of bruised guinea seed to a pint of hot water. The water is poured over the seeds and the whole allowed to stand for several hours. The resultant mucilage may then be thinned with a few drops of essence of violet. The hair is moistened with the fluid before curling.

A home-made liquid rouge is made thus:—Caroline, 30 grains; ammonia water, 1 fluid ounce; rosewater, 1 fluid ounce; spirit of rose, 1 fluid dram.

CABLEWAY TO SPAN NIAGARA.

An aerial passenger cableway is soon to be built across the whirlpool at Niagara Falls to enable visitors to get a close view of that marvel of Nature and to experience the thrills connected with such a view without incurring any danger. The system is similar to one recently installed at San Sebastian, Spain, for spanning a chasm between two mountain resorts, and to the one that climbs the first stage of the Wetterhorn, in Switzerland. The whirlpool is situated in Canadian territory about six miles below Niagara Falls. The cableway is to be about 1,770 feet long, with the cables stretched at an elevation of about 250 feet above the whirlpool. The car, which has already been built in Spain, has a capacity of fifty passengers.

An English tourist was recently spending a holiday in Scotland when he met an old native. The tourist asked the man how old he was.

"I am one hundred," said the man.

"I rather doubt that you will see another hundred," said the tourist.

"An' dince ken, mon," said the old man. "A'm stronger the noo than when I started the first hundred!"

A deaf man was being married, and the parson asked the usual question, "Do you take this woman for your lawful wife?"

"Thi!" said the deaf man.

"Do you take this woman for your lawful wife?"

This time a bit louder.

The groom seemed to be angry.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "She ain't so awful. I've seen was than her that didn't have as much money."

"If a newspaper copies any item from another paper, it should always give full credit to the paper from which it copies," says Dr. Talbot Williams, of the School of Journalism of Columbia University, in the New York Tribune.

Evidently a certain young editor from Nola, Chucky, was a firm believer in that doctrine. He copied in his paper a poem beginning, "Full fathom five thy father lies," and at the end of the poem put these words of credit:—

"William Shakespeare in the New Orleans States."

WOMEN WORE PRESENT STYLES 4000 YEARS AGO.

Recent archaeological discoveries in the island of Crete, which recently became the property of Greece as one of the fruits of the Balkan war, promise to cause a revision of history, according to the Rev. James Baikie in a communication to Gilbert H. Grosvenor, director of the National Geographic Society. According to Mr. Baikie the women of Crete were wearing present-day Parisian styles over 4,000 years ago, including big hats, high heeled shoes and tight-laced corsets; they built houses and employed methods of sanitation which have been equaled by modern civilization only within the last fifty years. They invented the written word, although historians, until the present discoveries, have conferred this distinction on the Phoenicians, who did not appear in history until 1,000 years afterward. The Rev. Mr. Baikie goes so far in his communication as to state that Crete was probably the actual stage for events which have come to the present day in the shape of Greek legends.

"It has been in Crete that exploration and discovery have led to the most striking illustration of many of the statements in the legends and traditions and have made it practically certain that much of what used to be considered mere romantic fable represents, with, of course, many embellishments of fancy, a good deal of historic fact," writes the Rev. Mr. Baikie. He tells of the discovery of the site of the great palace of Minos as Knossos, in the labyrinth of which roamed the bloodthirsty Minotaur.

A description of the dress of the women of those times from the miniature frescoes found in the palace, is as follows:

"If the dress of the male populace was simple, that of the female was the reverse. An elaborate tight-fitting bodice, cut excessively low at the neck, covered or affected to cover the upper part of the body, which is so wasp-waisted as to suggest universal tight lacing. From the broad belt hung down bell-shaped skirts, sometimes flounced throughout their entire length, sometimes richly embroidered. In some cases the skirt, below a small pannier or apron, is composed of different colored materials combined in a chequer pattern, distantly resembling tartan. One fresco represents a curious and elaborate form of dress, consisting apparently of wide trousers of blue material dotted with red crosses on a light ground and most wonderfully frilled and vandyked."

ELEPHANTS AND TOOTHACHE.

It is not easy to tell when an elephant has got the toothache, but it is best to keep out of his way when you do know it. A London surgeon, who had been for many years in India, says he would sooner risk a railway accident than meet an elephant with toothache.

It appears that toothache affects an elephant in a more severe manner than it does any other animal. Elephants have very sensitive nerves, and a touch of toothache often brings on madness.

Providing you are able to chain down an elephant and draw out the offending tooth, the brute is certain to be affectionate to you afterwards. Here is an instance.

An elephant in Bengal, India, became affected with toothache, but the keepers managed to secure it while a dentist drew a decayed tooth—the cause of the trouble. After a time the elephant seemed to understand that the dentist was trying to do something for his pain, and he gave every evidence of appreciating the attention. When the operation was over he frisked round the dentist like a young lamb.

PECULIARITIES OF FLIGHT.

If a man falls out of a rising airplane or balloon he will not go towards the earth, but will continue rising in the air for an appreciable time. If the air-machine were stopped in its ascent at the time it would catch the man as he came down. If the airship were ascending at the rate of 32 feet a second the man would rise 15 feet before beginning to fall towards the earth. Thus, by reducing the speed of its ascent, the vessel might keep by the side of the man and rescue him.

The reason why the man rises is the same as the reason for a bullet's rising when shot from a gun into the air. Both the man and the bullet are given a velocity upwards, and it takes some time for gravity to negative that velocity.

A man wearing a worried look went into a shop which advertised a patent slug exterminator, and asked for a hundred weight. The amazed assistant replied:—

"Certainly, sir; but that quantity would be sufficient to destroy all the slugs in Harry."

"I know that," was the reply. "They are all in my garden."

"Do you play golf?" he asked of the simple but smiling maiden.

"Dear me, no," she bashfully replied. "I don't believe I should even know how to hold the caddy."

THE REASON

UP the street, leisurely strolled young Henry Bayley. The hour was 10.30 A. M. On the steps of the Bayley cottage, an old shabby house that once had been new and fresh painted—that was when Henry's mother came to it as a bride—stood old Henry Bayley. His heavy gray eyebrows were drawn together by a black scowl. Other sons on that respectable humdrum street had been at work for hours. And they would be at work hours after Henry strolled back, good looking, unconcerned, wanting supper, and caring not that his old father, and not he, had paid for that supper.

He was the only child, and both mother and father had been grateful that it was the will of the Lord that only this one should come to them. They had coddled him, and his mother had watched him, as only a mother can watch an only son. Then when he was eleven and she lay dying she enjoined her husband to watch him, to see that no harm came to him, and to try to make life's path easy for him. Old Henry had promised readily enough. He loved the handsome, clean youngster only second to that youngster's mother.

"Well, I've kept it smooth," bitingly mused the old man. "And I guess there's no one to blame but myself that his feet are jelly soft."

"Good morning, Mr. Bayley. The girl who spoke was pert and over-dressed and young. Her snappy black eyes challenged criticism; her sleazy stockings invited it."

"Good morning," growled old Henry. And the scowl which had been black became cyclonic in its promise as he watched Jennie Rowe trip down the street. She was going to work in the telephone exchange. Jennie made no secret of her admiration for young Henry. Old Henry had only one thing to be thankful for—that the boy wasn't working, and therefore wouldn't marry her. Jennie to old Henry represented all that was worthless in the younger generation, and his old heart was heavy as he reflected that his boy was of her kind.

That evening young Henry didn't come home for supper. Old Henry waited long before he ate his bacon and warmed-over pudding from the delicatessen store. But if it was dry meat eating with young Henry, and knowing that the young mouth ought to be ashamed to take what the young hands had not produced, it was drier eating when Henry's portion stood there and got cold. The old man laid his heavy head upon the supper table and cried. He felt helpless—as most people do when another soul is drifting to ruin. Presently he raised his old head and hastily wiped the tears away. The woman who took care of the house came to see if he cared for more pudding. He thanked her, blowing his nose and walking to the window to look out with ostensible interest at the arc lights.

Then he turned hastily back. Jennie was coming home. Even in the darkness he could distinguish that slippant, careless walk, her port swivel and the impudent tilt of her feathered hat. Long years before, when Henry was struggling with fractions, and he was surging home from the store to help him with them, he had dreamed of the girl that Henry would bring home. Sweet and clean, he had visioned her after the likeness of Henry's mother. He had put up cheerily enough with slovenly women who thought that for just a man and a boy it did not matter whether or not the house shone or was dirty.

For the last time old Henry blew his nose. There! He would quit sniffing. For what was the sense in sniffing over dead dreams. He questioned he'd go back to work. Not that there wasn't enough money to keep them in comparative comfort, but he had to stop this unconducive fretting. He drew his breath sharply. There was a noise in the hall caused by more than one pair of feet. Was some one bringing Henry home? Oh, he didn't remember his own youth. He wouldn't be so apprehensive. But once he had been going down at a headlong rate, and only because he met young Henry's mother had he pulled up. Once he himself had brought home a dead drunk. He stumbled toward the door. Well, whatever the boy had done he would take the burden upon himself.

The curtains parted. Young Henry, handsome, brisk, smiling, pulled in Jennie Rowe. She was hanging back, for once not a whit slippant. Young Henry held a suitcase, which his father had never seen. "My wife," he introduced her proudly. "Of five hours. Say, father, we oughtn't to give you this job, but Jennie yielded at last, and I didn't dare give her a chance to change her mind. And I go to work to-morrow, believe me, I'll have to work to suit her! so I couldn't spare time to keep an eye on her."

"You're not angry?" beseeched Jennie. Her snappy black eyes were watery. "I love him."

The old man had stopped back. That girl his boy's wife!

"Say, father, I've got to have an early breakfast. I've got no vacation when you're married. Jennie says if I don't make good in old Hazell's office she'll get a divorce."

"Let me show you that I'll make good on his wife," the girl begged, as she slipped out.

"That girl his boy's wife!"

"Say, father, I've got to have an early breakfast. I've got no vacation when you're married. Jennie says if I don't make good in old Hazell's office she'll get a divorce."

"Let me show you that I'll make good on his wife," the girl begged, as she slipped out.

"That girl his boy's wife!"

"Say, father, I've got to have an early breakfast. I've got no vacation when you're married. Jennie says if I don't make good in old Hazell's office she'll get a divorce."

"Let me show you that I'll make good on his wife," the girl begged, as she slipped out.

"That girl his boy's wife!"

"Say, father, I've got to have an early breakfast. I've got no vacation when you're married. Jennie says if I don't make good in old Hazell's office she'll get a divorce."

"Let me show you that I'll make good on his wife," the girl begged, as she slipped out.

"That girl his boy's wife!"

her eyes on the old seamed face. "—you won't."

But old Henry stumbled forward just so years ago had young Henry's mother talked to his father. He remembered how very far he had drifted. And she had pulled him back as no one in all the world could have done.

"Any girl that Henry loves is a girl," he said brokenly. "I'm afraid any longer."

"Surely," laughed young Henry. "Jennie was scared of you. But I know she needn't worry. And, as father, Jennie likes chocolate breakfast. And she's fussy," laughed indulgently. "I don't believe the girl that dishes up for us could be her."

"I'll get breakfast myself," said Jennie. "That's why I got married—cook."

INTERNAL EVIDENCE.

At a certain college custom ordered that at examination time each of the candidates shall write the following pledge at the bottom of his papers: "I hereby declare, on my honor, that I have neither given nor received assistance during the examination."

One student, after handing in a paper, suddenly remembered that in his haste he had omitted to write the oath. On the following day he sought out one of the examiners and told him that he had forgotten to put the required pledge on his paper.

The examiner looked at him over the top of his glasses and dryly remarked:—

"Quite unnecessary. Your paper itself is sufficient evidence. I've been correcting it!"

DISTINCTIVE DRESSES.

There is, perhaps, no more effective scheme in which to carry out afternoon gown for summer wear than black and white. All white is very pretty, but it does not suit every color. White with touches of violet color becomes monotonous in the days of embroidered robes that are seen wherever one goes.

No one can say much against the white frocks, however, for there has never been designed any style of dress that was cooler or more practical, and this year in make and styling, they have been lovelier than ever.

Still, there are times when a more distinctive style of gown is required, something that has about it that touch of individuality that is so exceedingly attractive, and it is wonderful how often this personal touch can be produced by the clever use of black.

A black tulle can be poised on a ball gown in a manner that makes quite ordinary fashion look obnoxious, while the merest hint of black in the way of a velvet ribbon on a net frilling, will do much to brighten up a gown that somehow is inclining to appear "flat" or dowdy.

As an example, a very effective sign for a smart afternoon frock would be quite cool and pretty. Holiday festivities was seen the other day.

The skirt was made of white tulle, very plainly cut, with a little drapery at each side. The blouse, with its deep yoke, was made entirely of fine white net mounted on white tulle, delicately fringed and edged with the seams. The skirt sleeves and neck opening were edged with black net frills.

THE LITTLE DINNER PARTY SUMMER.

Formal dinner parties place in the social program of summer months, but little four or eight covers with two of a kind after a full and many of the formal little dinners hospitably exchanged among hostesses at their colonies.

The food at such a dinner must be daintily appetizing rather than elaborate and sumptuous. A chilled soup, well seasoned, on a cold course served with three tempting cooled vegetables, a salad course, and coffee will be sufficient. Coffee may be served the veranda after dinner, with without the usual cordial.

Every effort should be bent to have the table appointments suggest coziness and daintiness rather than richness or splendor. The lights should be well shaded, or unshaded wax candles may be used. Six of these candles will be needed. In tall silver glass sticks, to light a round dinner table seating eight people. Glass cases and candlesticks are better than metal, with the exception perhaps of silver, which is beautiful with green leaves and delicate summer flowers.

The hostess should see to it that heavy discussions or arguments are tabooed at the little dinner in war weather. Light pleasant conversation is frivolous rather than deep, should be the order of the evening. About 10 o'clock, on the veranda, or during the evening game following dinner, ice drinks should be served to the guests.

Sir George Rose, once turning corner, came suddenly upon some young barristers who were in the act of upping his walk and gaiters.

"You mistake, gentlemen," said the good-natured wit, according to the "That is not the air of the Rose; it is only the stalk."

"AT THE PIANO"

S

SOMETHING came for you by post, Mr. Lessing, regretfully announced Mr. Henry Birkett, ex-policeman and present commissioner of the Imperial Picture Palace.

Paul Lessing looked up eagerly, recognizing the small, flat parcel his landlord held out to him, a cool of bitter disappointment swept into his face.

"On, well, it can't be helped," he said philosophically. "Birkett, you're a policeman, and you'd know. Tell me, is it really a criminal affair to kill a publisher? I don't see why it should be."

"That's right, Mr. Lessing," replied Birkett, "put a brave heart on it."

"Oh, I'll get better luck one day, Birkett!"

"Well, sir, might I offer a suggestion? They want someone to play the piano at our picture theatre."

"Do they, though? Well, I don't see how I can help 'em."

"Why, sir, I've been thinking you might take on the job!"

"Me, Birkett? No; I do fancy I can write a bit, but as a musician I know my limitations. I should be just awful to listen to."

"Well, they don't take much count of good music, sir, at my place. If you can fire out something to make the pictures seem more exciting, that's all they want. And it's fifteen bob certain every week, sir," went on the ex-policeman. "I've asked Mr. Pitt, the manager, to keep the job open till I've seen you, sir."

"Birkett, you tempt me. Almost as I presented to wisp the muse of literature for the muse of music."

"No reason why they shouldn't run a double harness for a bit, sir. You could still write in the mornings."

"So I could. I'll take the job, and thanks very much."

And so it came about that Paul Lessing, clever writer, but dreadful musician, secured the post of pianist at the Imperial Picture Palace—thanks to the kindness of Mr. Henry Birkett.

Norah Wayne, out-of-work governess, was feeling extremely weary and flattered. All the morning and most of the afternoon she had vainly trudged from registry office to registry office, in quest of a post.

The future was beginning woefully to alarm her. She was almost at the end of her slender resources, and she had no friends to whom to appeal—no relations from whom to seek help.

She was walking dejectedly down the road when she found herself opposite a picture theatre. A spirit of utter fatigue had descended upon her, and she must have, besides, there was warmth and interest in the picture theatre.

Rocklessly she expended a precious shilling for admission.

The place was nearly full, but she found a seat in the very front row, right against the piano.

She settled herself comfortably, and prepared to enjoy the pictures; but from this she found herself prevented by the man at the piano.

He was pounding away, distributing false notes with the greatest prodigality, and continually slipping in horrible chords of his own unwitting composition.

At last the overwrought nerves of Wayne could stand it no longer. She rose in her musical soul was fired by the din; the disarray she had undergone that day for many days previously, and she made her irritable and impatient.

The young man at the piano flinched at his selection with three chords of the wrong key, she leant forward and said:

"How can you play so execrably?" she demanded.

"Oh, come," he remonstrated, but "don't be hard on a fellow! I thought I was doing it rather well. This isn't the Albert Hall, you know. Besides, you can't expect me to do much at fifteen shillings a week, can you?"

"Fifteen shillings a week!" she exclaimed. "Why, for that I'd put my whole heart and soul into it! It mayn't sound much to you, but it may be the salvation of me!"

She said much more than she had meant to, and now she sat back, a little ashamed of her sudden outburst.

A fresh film began to flicker through, and Lessing began again to play, but now he certainly sought to produce better effects, and the percentage of wrong notes was not more than one in ten; and when the picture was finished he turned and furtively surveyed the girl.

"That was better, wasn't it?" he said.

Lessing's smile was very disarming, and it was comforting to hear a friendly voice, even though it belonged to a stranger. Miss Wayne decided that there could be no harm in answering him.

"Much better," she said.

"I'm not exactly a dab at this sort of game," he informed her, quite unnecessarily. "You ought to hear what some of our patrons say—especially the kiddie Cheeky little beggars—kids!"

"Not always," she said. "Some of them are real little dears. I know, because I'm a governess—at least," she added, with a sigh, "I used to be."

He had to turn again to the piano, and some minutes elapsed before he found further opportunity to speak.

The interval had arrived, and he wheeled round to her at once.

"Tried any agents?" he asked.

Strict rules of deportment forbade Miss Wayne to encourage the conversation. Yearning for human sympathy, however, bade her speak.

"I've tried everything," she said—"registry-office, agents, advertisements, everything—and I can't and anything to do. I don't know what I shall do if something doesn't turn up soon."

Lessing nodded. He understood.

"I'm sorry I was rude to you just now," she apologized. "I couldn't help it. I mean—I play the piano, too, you see, and—"

She stopped in confusion.

"And you know what a mess I was making of the job? Quite so. One of these days I expect a real, top-of-the-tree composer to come in, and then he'll brain me with my own music stool. I feel sure of it."

At last the interval was over, and the piano began again. The girl sat still and quiet, gazing at the pictures and resting; and, as he played, the face of Paul Lessing became very thoughtful.

Presently she had seen the entire round of the programme, and rose to leave.

"Look here," said Lessing, "don't be offended, but I've been thinking. Sometimes I—I hear of a job going. Perhaps, if you'd leave me your address, I might be able to let you know."

"It would be awfully good of you!" she said gratefully.

She scribbled down her address for him.

It was early next morning that Miss Wayne had a caller at her humble lodgings.

"I'm glad I caught you before you went out," said Lessing. "The fact is, I—I think I know of a post you might care to take until something turns up. The fact is, I—I'm leaving to better myself. I mean, I've got another job. If you care to take on the piano at the picture theatre, the situation's yours. I've spoken to the manager about it, and he's quite prepared to give you a trial."

"Splendid!" she cried, in high excitement. "And you've found a better post, too? I am glad. Is it piano-playing?"

"No; I've given up music as a career. This is—this is—she hesitated, then blundered on—"It's sort of secret. I mustn't tell anyone, you know."

He walked with her to the Imperial Picture Palace. The manager, hearing her performance, expressed himself as quite satisfied with her powers, but suggested that a little more noise wouldn't do any harm.

A full month had gone, and Norah Wayne had seen nothing of Paul Lessing for more than three weeks, and then one evening she passed him in the street.

At first she did not recognize him. He looked plucked and worn, and his shoulders drooped dejectedly.

He appeared to be unwilling to see her, and made a movement to cross the road when he saw her coming.

And then he hesitated, and came to a full stop.

"Is it Mr. Lessing?" she exclaimed.

"That's right, when I found I could not afford them I had to go. I've just been kicking about a bit. Oh, don't worry about me! Something'll turn up before long."

"How long did you keep your post?" she asked.

"I—I forgot."

"Where was it?" she went on, with a sudden, vast smile.

"Oh, in London!"

"Are you sure you went to a new post at all?"

"Of course I did," he answered defiantly.

"Well, it can't be a secret now, what was it?"

"Well, you see—" he began, "I'm sorry, now!"

"Well, you were only a girl," he said, "and I was a man, and I felt awfully sorry for you, and I felt what's the use of talking about it? I'm glad I did what I did! I'd do it again to-morrow for you! And—and good-night, Miss Wayne!" he concluded hurriedly, and hastened away.

Home of her mind must have crept into her mind that evening, for the manager found it necessary half-way

through the performance to mention to her that people didn't come there to get the hump.

"Lessing, now," he grumbled, "never forgot the loud pedal. They need to hear it out in the street, and it brought 'em in to see what was up."

Ah, an artist on the piano, he was!

"Wouldn't you like to have him back?" she asked.

"Well," said the manager, "I'd be sorry to lose you, of course; but—"

"Well, as soon as ever I find him, I'll tell him to come back."

But it was long before Miss Wayne met Mr. Lessing again, and then one day she met him outside the picture theatre itself. She hurried breathlessly to him.

"I've been looking about for you ever so long!" she exclaimed. "You're to go back to your former situation here; they're keeping it open for you."

"Are you leaving?" he asked quickly.

"Yes."

"What are you going to do?"

"Never mind about me! It's your job, really, and you've got to take it back. It was awfully good of you to let me have it, and I'm very grateful to you. But you must take it back now. After all, it helped me for a bit, and it's put new courage and hope into me, having something to do."

"No; you keep on at the piano," he said.

"I won't! Not a day longer!"

"Well, I shan't go back," he affirmed stoutly. "Fact is, I've got another job. Oh, it's a real job this time. Honorary bright!"

"What is it?" she asked, not quite convinced.

"Well, I—I try to write a bit, you know, and a paper I sent some stuff to rather liked it. In fact, they've given me some regular work to do for them. I'm all right now—really and truly, I am."

"I'm fearfully pleased!"

"I'm glad you're pleased," he said earnestly. "I came here on purpose to see you. I knew I'd meet you here. So now you can keep on at the piano as long as you like. You're not making much money at it, that's my one regret."

"It's a squeeze," she admitted; "but it's rather fun, and some day something else may turn up."

"That's just what I wanted to see you about. Of course, I'm only starting now, but one day I hope to do better. And I—I want to ask you if—"

He came to a stop.

The girl said nothing, but looked down demurely at the pavement.

"You—you don't help a chap much!" he complained. And the girl smiled.

MAN WITH THE HAPPY SMILE.

You know him. Everybody knows him. There isn't a man, woman or child in all America who doesn't know him, who hasn't met him somewhere, and who, what's more, they're all glad they know him. Because he's the Man with the Happy Smile.

Wherever he goes he brings sunshine with him. He's as refreshing as lemonade on a hot summer's day, and as cheering as a patch of sunshine in the middle of a winter.

As he comes swinging down the street, with his genial radiance, from him like sunbeams, things seem to brighten up in miserable fashion. It doesn't matter whether you know him or not. You just catch one glimpse of his merry, smiling face, and the world suddenly seems to be a little brighter for you than it was before.

Children at play look up and catch the sunshine from his face. The sulky ones forget to pout, and go back to play with the others. Even the dog, who was just growling, and the cat, who was just hissing, seem to be a little brighter for you than they were before.

He has his own troubles all right, but he has learned to keep them to himself, and not use them to make other people more unhappy than they already are.

There's something so compellingly winning about him that when you meet him you simply can't help putting out your hand and saying in your very brightest tone:

"How do you do? I am glad to see you!"

And you are glad. You can't help it. For no matter how cross or out of sorts, however tired or worried you may be, you always feel brighter and happier and better; the world seems altogether a jollier place; your troubles don't seem to be half so big or half so terrible, when you've had a little chat with the Man with the Happy Smile.

SURE TO SEE HIM.

Mrs. Birkett. "Oh, goodie! Here's a letter from Cousin George."

Mr. Birkett. "Huh! Who cares for him?"

OLD.

An old man, in an old shop, in a town
So old that age has given it renown,
Surrounds himself with old things that are found,
Neglected in old, dusty garrets round,
And, with a skill that reverence makes more,
Delights the worn and broken to restore.

And as he works, this old man loves to tell
Of customs that he still remembers well,
Of manners that distinguished long ago
The gentle folk whom 'twas delight to know,
Old humbleness and old God-fearing, too,
Old standards that experience may renew.

How often has he led my fancy down
The winding river, stealing thro' his town,
To old ancestral homesteads in which he
Sees well expressed old hospitality,
Old dignity, and what is felt no less,
The fine old taste that harbored no excess!

Or up that lonely, solitary hill
That sees the ocean yonder river fill,
O'erflowing Oldtown marshes far and wide—
That hill he climbs to view the countryside
Whose quiet fields his own forefathers tilled,
With love of home and love of country filled!

How many happy moments have I passed
In his old shop! How charming were the last,
When told he in his picture-painting way,
By what still waters, that in sunshine lay,
He found that grange beneath whose roof he gained
The oldest relics that his shop contained.

And I, well pleased to listen, sat as still
As the wise "crows" upon his window sill,
That seemed to know what fields he traveled o'er,
As flies the bird, to reach that grange's door!
—Look for the "crows," and you his shop will find,
Who loves the old and keeps the past in mind.

—Boston Transcript.

A HOSPITAL FOR A SMALL COMMUNITY.

How large must a community be to justify the establishment of a public hospital? From five thousand to eight thousand population justifies essentials; the new plumbing will be the answer in individual cases; the greatest source of expense. The must depend on the varying conditions of wealth, the character of the homes, the liability to industrial accidents, the existence of private hospitals, and the experience and capacity of the local physicians.

Ten years ago it would have been necessary to place this minimum deserted homestead that cannot be higher; ten years hence it will be made to serve the sick or their attendants. Hospital care of the sick is advancing under the same laws that have created the central school and the department store. Concentration and co-operation mean more and speedier cures at less cost. Hospital building in this country has only begun.

The small community hospital provides most satisfactorily, and most economically for the sick poor, and on occasion for the well-to-do; helps isolate and control epidemics, and strengthens the churches, the schools and every other social governmental agency in the town.

Some of its greatest benefits are indirect. It always improves the quality of the medical practitioners. It reveals strength, and uncovers deficiencies, compels some specialization, and spurs physicians to travel and to study. It establishes better relations between employer and employee. It teaches the people cleanliness, order, hygiene, home nursing and democracy.

It is doubly easy to start the hospital, easier, for certain reasons, to start it wrong than to start it right. A year is not too long for preliminary study of the situation. It is usually a woman whom nature has blessed with a large majority of the physicians of the town most cooperative. The undue prominence of one or a few in the early period is almost sure to prevent success. It is desirable to bring into the governing body as many of the substantial citizens of the town as possible, and to have the women and the physicians fairly represented. The organization must represent from the outset the best citizenship of the community.

The probable support that can be obtained from corporations that have many employees liable to injury, and from various societies and organizations, can be ascertained in advance. The cost of maintenance, also, can be learned by investigation of similar institutions already in existence. Thus both resources and burdens can be determined with a fair degree of accuracy in advance.

In almost every town there is a vacant house, large, well built, with ample grounds that offer sun and shade, ventilation and light. Such a house often stands on the edge of the business section, and is quiet and accessible. It can be had at a nominal rent. It will make a very useful hospital until money for building can be got. Some of the best results in this country have been obtained in these small hospitals.

The way to transform such a house is now well known. Too many changes are usually made, however. Fresh paint everywhere is one of the essentials; the new plumbing will be the answer in individual cases; the greatest source of expense. The must depend on the varying conditions of wealth, the character of the homes, the liability to industrial accidents, the existence of private hospitals, and the experience and capacity of the local physicians.

At the first canvass, raise double the money that you think will be needed. It comes easiest then. Try to get the money with no conditions attached. Sometimes a gift of five hundred dollars will require one thousand dollars' worth of service on the part of the institution, although the donor cannot be made to understand the burden he has imposed.

Next to the make-up of the governing board, the personality of the head of the hospital is important. Employ a trained woman nurse who has had some experience in executive work. Give her an ample salary and good quarters, grant her full executive powers, and guard against interference with her administration. The physicians will quickly make their own effective organization for medical service.

A mistake often made is the establishing of unprofitably low rates to patients. It is difficult to advance them afterward. At least two private rooms should be maintained even in the smallest hospital, and should be made to pay a good income. Rooms that accommodate from two to four paying patients will also meet a need, and will help moderately to increase the income.

The first three years is the critical period. Complaints arise, individuals or groups withdraw their support, royalties and new equipment are called for, credit becomes impaired, and the community seems to be turning against its own child.

THE MADEIRA VINE.

The Madeira vine is a beautiful plant for indoor use. It is inexpensive, grows rapidly, and is not attacked by insects. Its special value, however, lies in its ability to thrive away from sunny windows; it can be grown in any part of a fairly well-lighted room, and grows well in a room with a northern exposure.

The Madeira vine grows from both resources and burdens can be determined with a fair degree of accuracy in advance. The bulbs start quickly, and in a short time produce vines that are excellent for use at the end of a window box.

Perhaps the most decorative way to grow the vine is in "hanging" wall brackets, and in quiet and accessible. It can be had at a nominal rent. It will make a very useful hospital until money for building can be got. Some of the best results in this country have been obtained in these small hospitals.

care is taken not to water it too often. Some of the best results in this country have been obtained in these small hospitals.

care is taken not to water it too often. Some of the best results in this country have been obtained in these small hospitals.

care is taken not to water it too often. Some of the best results in this country have been obtained in these small hospitals.

care is taken not to water it too often. Some of the best results in this country have been obtained in these small hospitals.

care is taken not to water it too often. Some of the best results in this country have been obtained in these small hospitals.

care is taken not to water it too often. Some of the best results in this country have been obtained in these small hospitals.

THE DAY OF DESTINY.

The Pennells were housecleaning. The word is not suggestive of serenity, and the Pennells were experiencing the thing at its worst. In addition to the usual upheaval, there were two paper-hangers in the parlor and one in the library and a painter in the dining-room.

"Dante," Elizabeth exclaimed, as she surveyed the scene at breakfast time, "should have lived in New England in the twentieth century—he would have found this scene suggestive."

"Cheer up," Jean quoted, mischievously; "the worst is yet to come."

Add two hours later matters actually grew worse; even Jean of the dauntless chin turned white when the card came up. Miss Bristow, whom she was to see about the history position that she had set her heart upon! How could it have happened, when Miss Bristow had distinctly said that she would be passing through the city the last of the week, and this was only Tuesday?

"You can't see her—you'll have to be excused," Elizabeth cried, "unless, indeed, you take her out to lunch somewhere!"

"You can't take anybody to lunch before eleven," Jean retorted. "No, I've got to see her here. If she can't separate me from housecleaning, I don't want to teach in her school! Her chin was dauntlessly raised once more, but her voice shook a little. However, Jean ran down at once. Miss Bristow must not be left standing in the hall.

Miss Bristow looked as if she had needed to be rescued. "Miss Pennell?" she asked. "I am so distressed. I was called home unexpectedly, and had no time to write you, but I should have telegraphed you, I—"

"Please don't say anything," Jean interrupted her. "I'll promise not to mind if you won't. And if you'll overlook the fact that half my books are on the floor, we can find a quiet corner in my room. But the stairs are varnished on one side. Can you go up close to the banister?"

Miss Bristow could and did; and in Jean's room they found comparative comfort. Jean seated her guest with her back to the diamond-paned window, and the talk began. They both started when the luncheon-bell rang.

"No," Jean begged, interpreting Miss Bristow's look of dismay, "please don't go. I am treating you to strange experiences. The painter is in possession, and he will probably go right on painting. You shall see how we carry on light conversation in the presence of a painting back."

An hour later Jean, tired and grave, dropped down on Elizabeth's bed. "I don't know," she said. "I'm afraid not. She didn't say anything."

"It's flowers, Miss Jean," Manda announced, at the door.

Jean opened the box wonderingly. Inside, upon the beautiful roses, lay a card.

Just to try to thank you for your lovely hospitality. Will you come upon the terms I wrote you? A girl who can master circumstances is the one I want for my girls.

JESSICA BRISTOW.

ANCIENT INCUBATION.

The hatching of eggs by means of artificial heat has been practiced in China and Egypt from prehistoric times. In the latter country, too, still exist ancient egg-hatcheries or "mannas" that have been in continuous use in the same family for many generations. These incubators consist of large brick ovens that will hold about 30,000 to 60,000 eggs at a time. The fire is built inside the oven and is watched carefully for 10 days, after which no additional heat is necessary. The method of building the fires and maintaining them so as to preserve the right temperature are trade secrets that are jealously guarded and usually kept in the family. About 65 to 70 per cent. of the eggs are said to be successfully hatched by these methods. The production of eggs for the export trade has come to be a very important industry of Egypt. During the winter of 1911-1912 the export amounted to \$2,500,000, having a value of \$27,000. That is at the rate of about nine cents a dozen. Compared to the prices paid in this country last winter it would almost seem that it might pay to bring eggs to New York from Cairo. Most of the Egyptian eggs go to England; last year 74,000,000 or nearly 90 per cent. were sent there. France had over 3,000,000 and the rest were divided among a number of countries. The eggs shipped from Egypt are generally smaller than those we are accustomed to; but when we consider the amount of food material contained in them, even these small eggs are very cheap when compared with prices in this country or in Europe.

RABBIT WRECKED RAILROAD.

INCREDIBLE stories of the size and power of the jack rabbits of the western plains have been told through the ages, but the most astounding of all is that of the rabbit, which the other day ran across the tracks of the Iron Mountain railroad at Knobel, Ark., about the time the motor railway car of Roadmaster A. A. Miller came along. The long-eared creature became tangled up in the wheels of the car in such a manner that the vehicle was thrown off the tracks. Mr. Miller sustained fractured bones and internal injuries that necessitated the removal to a St. Louis hospital. A rabbit that ran over a railway car is something of a curiosity, even in Arkansas.

FIND a man who saves money and you have a man who appreciates life insurance.

The intelligence which makes such a man save money enables him to realize that one of the best promoters of thrift is life insurance.

For, after all, life insurance is saving money with protection added.



The Prudential
FORREST F. DRYDEN, President

The Peoples Bank OF Hammonton, N. J.

Capital, \$50,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$64,000

Three per cent interest paid on time deposits

Two per cent interest allowed on demand accounts having daily balance of \$1000 or more.

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

M. L. JACKSON, President
W. J. SMITH, Vice-President
W. R. TILTON, Cashier

DIRECTORS

M. L. Jackson J. A. Waas
C. F. Osgood George Elvius
Wm. J. Smith J. C. Anderson
Sam'l Anderson W. R. Tilton
Wm. L. Black

WILLIAM DOERFEL

Representative
Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.
of Philadelphia

All Forms of High Grade Life Insurance

Special
Building and Loan and Life Insurance
Features Combined.
Good whether you live or die.
Ask about it at PEOPLES BANK BLDG.

Lakeview Greenhouses

Central Ave., Hammonton.

Large assortment of

Palms, House Plants,
Cut Flowers,
Funeral Designs

In fresh flowers, wax or metal

WATKINS & NICHOLSON

Florists and Landscape Gardeners
Local Phone 951. Bell 1-2

The Hammont'n Telephone

Gives Best Service

and
Is the Cheapest!

A. J. RIDER,

President and Manager.
Office in Odd Fellows Building.

CHAS. T. THURSTON Practical

Plumber
and Gas Fitter

Estimates cheerfully furnished.
Prompt Attention to all kinds of
Plumbing work will prevent
large bills in the end.

Hammonton Avenue Local Phone 755
Hammonton, N. J.

South Jersey Republican

Issued every Saturday morning

Entered in Hammonton Post-Office as second-class matter by

HOYT & SON, PUBLISHERS

Orville E. Hoyt

William O. Hoyt

Subscription Price: \$1.50 per year, \$1.00 in Atlantic County. Three cents per copy.
On sale at office, and at Well's News Room
Advertising Rates on application. Local Phone—532, 633, 1093.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1914

People Express their Opinion.

The meeting called by the Board of Trade, last Monday night, in Central School Auditorium, was attended by about seventy-five citizens—a dozen or more being ladies. Mr. Rider acted as Chairman; Mr. Dougherty was Secretary.

The President introduced the subject of proposed increase and other changes in railroad fares and the sale of tickets,—voicing the feeling of all in his protest.

The Secretary gave a short history of the movement on foot to prevent the said changes.

Attorney Wm. B. Phillips gave us an idea of the legal status of the State Utilities Commission in their attempt to do justice in the present crisis. It surprised most of us to hear that said Commission lacked power to enforce its decisions against the railroad companies; that the law is defective,—gives the Commission certain powers of decision, but fails to empower them to compel obedience.

Mr. Burgan put the entire matter into plain English,—doing justice to the companies by admitting that they needed increased income; but protested in strenuous language against the injustice of the proposition now under consideration. He also read the resolutions printed below, which were adopted by unanimous vote.

Resolved, That this meeting of the citizens of Hammonton hereby protests against the proposed readjustment of passenger rates between this town and other points in South Jersey and Philadelphia, and pledges its hearty support of the general movement in opposition thereto within the State.

Further, That a committee of three be forthwith appointed to act in behalf of the commuters and citizens of this town, to co-operate with other like committees or associations or any other public bodies, in any steps that may seem proper to prevent the carrying out of the proposed increase of fares; and

Further, That the said committee be and is hereby instructed to ascertain if the W. J. & S. and the Atlantic City Railroad Companies are violating an order of the Public Utilities Commission of this state by refusing to issue tickets between Camden and points in South Jersey, of the same class and in the same terms as the tickets issued between those points and Philadelphia; and if so, to take all possible steps to secure the execution of such order, including, if need be, the promotion of legislation that will give the Public Utilities Commission power to enforce its orders.

Messrs. H. C. Dougherty, J. A. Burgan, and W. B. Phillips were chosen as the committee above provided for.

Popular sympathy is felt for Thomas Skinner, that such a sad accident should have happened in his factory. Naturally a careful man, looking after details, he last year re-floored the entire factory, had the building inspected two months ago, and had placed timbers, two by ten inches, under the acid-room floor joists, as an additional protection against accident. Sympathy is also with the bereaved ones, so suddenly stricken.

Wm. Doerfel has receipts from Charles C. Harrison, Jr., & Co., Treasurer of the Belgian Relief Fund,—one dated Nov. 19th, for \$250; another, Nov. 24th, for \$250. We are proud of Hammonton's record in this worthy cause. Contributions will still be received by our local committee, and the needs of that suffering people will continue while the terrible war lasts.

We sincerely hope the fellow who cut the swing ropes on Centra School grounds will swear off doing such dangerous tricks. A child might have been killed by a fall when the nearly severed strands gave way, and the perpetrator would have been guilty of murder.

We are glad to see that our stores are putting out their Christmas goods, thus encouraging the "early purchasing" idea. It is now up to the people to "do it now," selecting from a full stock, getting better satisfaction, and easing up on the clerks at the last rush.

Though but six hundred feet of hose were used at Thursday night's fire, the men could not send a stream into the second story windows until the pumps were started. There was considerable kicking done by the firemen and scores of on-lookers.

Those who didn't join one of the Christmas Clubs will wish they had before the 20th rolls around with tax bills.

Get your Christmas advs. in early. People read the Republican.

A Fatal Accident.

About nine o'clock, Tuesday morning, Phillip Kurtz, an employe in Skinner and Son's cut-glass factory, was pushing a truck containing a carboy of acid into the polishing room, the entire floor (8x9 feet) gave way, and man, polishing trough, acids and everything in the room dropped about twelve feet to the lower story. Of course, the acids were spilled, and Kurtz was most horribly burned about the face and body. Fellow workmen rushed to his aid, dragged him from the ruins, and summoned Dr. Cunningham, who did what he could for immediate relief, but realizing the seriousness of the man's injuries, ordered him taken to the hospital. He was quickly prepared for the trip, but the shock was too great, and he died at the station as the train approached. Mr. Kurtz was well-known, having formerly acted as gateman at Twelfth Street crossing. He leaves a wife and several children.

Coroner Cunningham held an inquest on Thursday afternoon, and examined several of the witnesses. The testimony was apparently unanimous that the cause of floor's collapsing was unknown, that strict orders had been given to Mr. Kurtz not to lift the carboy (weighing 200 lbs) without help.

After deliberation, the jury, consisting of C. I. Littlefield, M. C. Cappuccio, E. V. Coggey, J. S. Mart, John Kelley, J. L. O'Donnell, delivered the following verdict, in substance:

"We, the Coroner's jury, do find that the said Phillip Kurtz came to his death by acid-burning in Wm. Skinner & Son's cut glass factory at Hammonton, by the floor in the acid room collapsing."

Town Council Meeting.

An adjourned meeting was held on Monday evening, all members being present excepting Messrs. Godfrey and Holland.

The principal item of business was to draft up resolutions to provide for the taking up of the outstanding sewer and sidewalk orders,—which was done.

One of the bidders on the Twelfth Street improvements asked to be allowed to buy gravel from Eleventh Street pit. This was granted.

On recommendation of committee it was voted to make ten dollars a fixed price for sewer connections to the curb.

Property Committee was authorized to rent a room for the Collector and Treasurer. The Plumbing Inspector will probably have a desk in the same quarters.

RESOLUTIONS.

The following Resolutions were adopted by Washington Camp, No. 73, P. O. S. of A:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in His divine wisdom, to remove from our midst, to join the loved ones gone before him, our brother Edwin Adams; Therefore be it

Resolved, That while bowing to the will of Almighty God in removing our beloved brother, we deeply deplore his loss to our Camp, and join our sorrow with that of his family and friends in this bereavement. As a brother, and a member of this Camp, he won the respect and love of all, and in his passing away, the Grand Army Post and our Camp has lost one of its most useful and enterprising brothers.

Resolved, That the Charter of our Camp be draped in mourning for thirty days, and these resolutions be written in the Recording Sec'y's book of our Camp, a copy be tendered the family and each of our town papers.

Resolved, That we tender to the family and friends of our beloved brother sympathy and condolence in their severe affliction. May Almighty God guide and assist them to become reconciled to their loss, and enable them to bear their bereavement with the trust that they will meet again in the World above.

G. G. HARLEY, } Committee.
J. E. HOLMAN, }
R. T. JERRELL, }

Another fire called out the firemen, about 10.15, Thursday night,—over at Frank Lucca's, at First Road and Tenth Street. The barn burned down, but the house and out-buildings close by were saved. Neighbors used buckets, and rendered valuable assistance before the firemen arrived. Frank is well spoken of, though misfortune has chased him for many years. He lost one wife after another, by death; two horses died, lightning struck his house last year, and now his barn was destroyed.



If you could measure the candle power your carbon lamp are giving, you'd find every one of them two-thirds short. You won't take four eggs for a dozen; why take less light than you pay for? Use Brilliant Mazda Lamps.

Royal Electric Co., 15 South Second St., Hammonton

TOMKINSON'S Hammonton and Philada. Express

Philadelphia office, 210 Market St., where orders and packages can be left up to 2 p.m. Orders can be left at Applegates cigar store. Local Phone 1253.

Moving and hauling of all kinds done on short notice.

Tomkinson's Auto-Express, Blue Anchor, N. J.

Made in Hammonton!

By the Figueroa Glass Co.

Rich Cut Glass, with an unequalled polished finish,—no seconds.

Sold at Factory Prices, since they no longer sell at retail.

DESIRABLE WEDDING GIFTS.

Make your selections now for Christmas.

Our Christmas Stock of Jewelry is complete

We should like you to become familiar with the new creations and our reasonable prices.

ROBERT STEEL,

Jeweler and Optician

DON'T WORRY about MOVING

Get Russell's Padded Auto Van.

ANYWHERE Cedar Brook, N. J. ANYWHERE

Long Distance Moving a Specialty.

Bell Phone. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Let me Estimate

A. H. Phillips Co.

Fire Insurance

MONEY

FOR

MORTGAGE LOANS

Bartlett Building, Atlantic City

Fire Insurance at Cost.

The Cumberland Mutual
Fire Insurance Company

Will insure your property at less cost than others. Reason: operating expenses light; no loading of premium for profits; sixty-seven years of satisfactory service. Cash surplus over \$100,000.

For particulars, see
Wayland DePuy, Agt., Hammonton, N. J.
Cor. Second and Cherry Streets

Walter J. Vernior PLUMBING & HEATING

Contractor

Registered

Hammonton, N. J.

Local Phone 904

DR. J. A. WAAS

DENTIST

Bellevue Avenue, Hammonton

Benjamin Howell Lackey

Architect

Hammonton, N. J.



For those
Creepy, Chilly
Days

Sitting in a chilly, creepy, it's not at all pleasant, but it's not safe. It's something means a cold that will stay with you for months. Why take a chance, why be uncomfortable?

Use a
Vulcan Odorless
Gas Heater



Can be connected to any gas fixture. Will take off the chill and make a room comfortable in a few minutes. Guaranteed Odorless Absolutely Sanitary We have them in various styles and at different prices.

Hammonton Electric Light Co.

WM. J. IRAMAN.
W. H. Bernshouse
Fire Insurance
 Largest Companies
 Lowest Rates
Obeyancing,
 Notary Public,
 Commissioner of Deeds
 Hampton.

WILSON S. TURNER, Sub-Agent
Hannamonton.

H. W. Miller,
Cooley Building, Hammononton
Agent for
E. A. Strout Farm Agency

Secretary of Board of Health, marked "Min-
for Garbage Collecting."
Published pursuant to a resolution of the
Board of Health.
H. C. SCUDDER, President,
J. C. BROWN, Secretary Board of Health,
Town of Hinghamton.

M. L. JACKSON & SON

PULPIT TOPICS

TAKING HIM HOME WITH US.

(Luke 8: 41).

In this part of the eighth chapter of St. Luke we have the same history as that narrated in the ninth chapter of St. Matthew. We find the same facts narrated in Mark. In all three accounts there are two narratives in which Jesus is taken home with us. The first is the story of the woman who had been under treatment by physicians for a period of twelve years without obtaining relief. Matthew tells us that Jesus was at a banquet at his house. This banquet was given by the former publican in honor of his call to discipleship, and many of Matthew's friends and associates were there. The Pharisees, of course, were very much shocked that Jesus should sit down at table with publicans and sinners. It seems it was while answering the criticisms of the Pharisees and the question of John Baptist's disciples in regard to fasting that Jairus came, seeking his help. Jairus was an officer of the synagogue of Capernaum, well known and highly respected, no doubt, by all the Jews. He came with a pressing request, that Jesus come at once to his house, where his daughter lay dying. Jesus leaves the banquet at once and goes with him. It seems the presence of Jesus had caused a good deal of excitement, many people were gathered at Matthew's house. When Jairus came to take Jesus to his daughter's bedside the excitement increased and the crowd followed Jesus and Jairus, as crowds of to-day when something unusual occurs.

It was while this crowd surrounding Jesus on all sides was moving slowly along that a woman who had some internal trouble for twelve years pushed her way through with great difficulty and touched His coat, believing that if she did this she would be healed. She was healed, but she was not permitted to leave the way she came. Jesus knew who had touched Him, and when the woman saw that He knew, she felt at Jesus' feet and was given His benediction. All this took considerable time; and they were on the way to Jairus' house to help a dying child. Yes, before they reached the house word comes that she is dead. But Jairus still wants Him to go with him; and He goes. The conditions when they reach his home are not encouraging. The funeral conductors are already there, and when Jesus suggests that the girl is not dead, they all laugh at Him, all but the disciples and the parents of the child. Their time to laugh comes later, when in greater joy they receive their daughter alive and well. I doubt not that their prayer now was that Jesus abide with them and never leave them. Is that your prayer? It is, if you have brought Him into your house.

1. I Must Really Want Him. There is a difference between wanting to be respectable and really wanting Jesus. In our day it is not respectable, especially in this part of the country, not to belong to a church. There are plenty of people who belong to a church just for that reason, not simply because they want to have the reputation of being church members while they live, but rather because they want to have a decent burial when they die. Again, there are those who attend a church service largely because of the entertainment they receive from it. They do not go, therefore, if the music is not attractive or if the preacher is not a good speaker. Few, I am afraid, go there because they want to find Jesus. If they want to find Him they will go there even if there is no music at all and if the poorest of preachers speak.

And why do they not want Jesus? It is because they really have never felt the need of Him. And they have not felt any need for Him because they desire nothing more than money and worldly pleasure. They do not need Him for that. Fortunately, however, the time does come in the experience of every one when he feels he needs something more than that. Temptation, adversity, death and sorrow come. Then we think of our sins, then we think of our weakness, then we think of the insufficiency of earthly things. That was the way with the woman we have spoken of. "That was the way with Jairus. Stop and think whether that time may not come to you. Perhaps the time will come when you will want Jesus, if you do not already want Him. That is the first requirement.

2. I Must Really Find Him. Of course Jairus and the sick woman did not try to find Jesus until they really wanted Him. And you will not try to find Him until you realize that you need Him, that you need Him badly. And where will you find Him? Where did Jairus find Him? In a very unlikely company, not with the Pharisees who thought that they had no sin, but with the humble publicans and sinners and with His apostles and disciples. Perhaps Jairus asked, "Where can I find Jesus?" Perhaps he was told, "He is usually with Peter and Peter is in the house of Matthew. What does that mean for us? It means that Jesus is to be sought among His disciples, in His church, not that they are better than others, but because they feel their need of Him, have sought Him and found Him, and they have the words of the apostles and evangelists.

But when we seek Jesus among His disciples let us not make the mistake the woman made and think we have found Him when we have merely touched His garment. The touching of the hem of His garment led finally to her finding Him, but she needed to find Him for full salvation, not simply the garment. You may be baptized and confirmed, you may have received the Lord's Supper, but if you did not find Him in them you only touched the hem of His garment, you really do not have Him. In the same way you may read the Bible from Genesis to Revelation and if you do not find Him, the living, personal Saviour, in it you have done no more than touched the hem of His garment. When you sing and pray in the church service let it be to a living, present Jesus. And when you leave the service take with you, not simply a text or a hymn or a few thoughts, but Jesus Himself. I must really find Him.

3. I Must Not Be Ashamed of Him. We dare not be ashamed to acknowledge what we are as the woman was at first. It must have helped Jairus' faith mightily when he heard what that woman had been and what Jesus had done for her. Now, we do not encourage "experience meetings," so called, but we do believe in the giving of testimony at the right time and place. Do not be ashamed to acknowledge that you are a sinner and that Jesus has helped you.

And do not be ashamed to take Jesus with you. No doubt many of the Jews, especially the Pharisees, made sneering remarks when Jairus went through the streets of Jerusalem with Jesus. It was all right, perhaps they said, that a woman should fall at His feet, but it did not befit a man to do so. There is too much of that spirit current to-day. There are too few men who are willing to be seen on the streets with Jesus. They are ashamed of Jesus. Of things they ought to be ashamed of they are proud. They are proud to be obscene, proud to be profane, proud to be coarse, proud to be sinful.

They are ashamed of Jesus when unbelievers scoff. Jairus' faith was sorely tried when he came home and heard the mourning, and it was more sorely tried when he went in and saw the dead form of his beloved daughter. And when Jesus said she was only asleep and they laughed, most men would be ashamed not to laugh with them and say, "Yes, all this talk about resurrection and heaven is foolishness. But Jairus was not ashamed, and he was rewarded by seeing the scoffers put to shame. So we should be willing to wait until the time comes when every tongue will have to confess that Jesus is Lord to the glory of God the Father. Let us not be ashamed of Jesus now, and He will not be ashamed of us then.—J. J. S.

WICKED JOHN HENRY

In the happy past John Henry was madly in love with Gladys May, but there came one of those silly little quarrels, and the fair one told the youth to leave her papa's porch. John Henry did so. Moreover he kept on going, and it was something like ten years before he returned to the native haunts he knew so well. At a ball one night he met the beautiful Gladys May, married now, and it was with maternal condescension that she elected to look upon him.

"After ten long years we meet again, Gladys," said John Henry eagerly stepping forward to take her hand. "I trust that you still remember me?"

"Let me see," mused the fair Gladys May, with an indifferent expression. "Was it you or your brother who used to be an old sweetheart of mine?"

"Really, I don't know," came back the crisp response of John Henry. "Probably it was my father."

EARNING HIS TROUSERS.

A village clergyman, walking round his parish, met an old parishioner named George.

"Well, George," he said, "how is it? I have not seen you at church for several Sundays?"

"Hain't got no Sunday trousers," answered George.

"Well," said the clergyman, "I think we can remedy that. I have a pair at home which will just about fit you, and I will have them sent to you to-day."

"Thank'ee, parson," said George. "The trousers were duly sent, and the following three Sundays George was seen at church. Then, after being absent for some time, the clergyman again met him.

"Well, George," he said, "you have no excuse for not coming to church lately. How is it I have not seen you there?"

"Look there, parson!" said George. "I like a man to speak plain. I know what you mean; you're a thinking about them trousers. I come to church three Sundays, an' if you don't think I earned them trousers just tell me how many more Sundays I will have to come afore they're mine altogether."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY

Topic for December 6, 1914.

GOD'S GIFT—LIFE

1 John 5: 11, 12; Rom. 6: 23.

"God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is His Son. He that hath the Son hath the life." "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only son into the world that we might live through Him." (1 John 4: 9; 5: 11.)

"The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." It is a free gift. It is a gift to all who will accept it. It is a gift which we absolutely need, because we cannot live without it. It is a gift which cost God an inconceivably great sacrifice, and which therefore proves the depth of His love for us. Yet most persons neglect this great gift or refuse to comply with the conditions upon which alone it can be appropriated.

Note that this life which God has given to us in Christ is not our natural life, and it does not mean mere continued existence. It is a spiritual life, the life of God in us, a life which begins with a new birth, a resurrection, and which is divine in its nature.

Paul says: "If any man is in Christ, he is a new creature (or there is a new creation)." "God being rich in mercy, even when we were dead through our trespasses, quickened us (made us alive) together with Christ." (2 Cor. 5: 17; Eph. 2: 4-8.) "She that giveth herself to pleasure is dead while she liveth." (1 Tim. 5: 6.)

God gave His Son to us that He might become the life of our life; that we might be able to say, as Paul said, "I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ in me." (Gal. 2: 20.) But while most of us think we would like to be able to say with assurance, "Christ liveth in me," there are not many who want to be crucified with Christ in order that they may become united with Him in life.

Yet, we cannot live to righteousness unless we are willing to die to sin. Christ offers Himself to us to be our life; but He will not accept a second place in our affections; we must choose between Him and the world; for there is an irreconcilable antagonism between Christ and worldliness.

"If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world; the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the vainglory of life, is not of the Father but is of the world." (1 John 2: 15-17.)

Jesus described the divine life in man as a well of living water in the man springing up unto eternal life. It is a fountain of joy and a source of lasting peace.

It is a joyous life, because it is an abounding life, a life that is not confined within any limits, and is not dependent upon circumstances.

It is a life of peace because it gives assurance of the presence of God and of the love of God at all times, and commits all anxieties trustfully to Him.

EPWORTH LEAGUE.

Topic for December 6, 1914.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT IN GIVING.

Phil. 2: 3, 4; 2 Cor. 8: 3-5.

"Let nothing be done" out of vanity or out of a desire to outdo somebody else. Christmas presents given to secure return presents, or to pay for presents received or expected, are not given in the spirit of Christmas. It is difficult in many cases to see how one can avoid giving such presents to some friends, but there should be some way of coming to a frank understanding beforehand that there will not be any presents on either side, or that they will not be costly. In a very large proportion of cases such presents are only wasted time and money, because they do not add anything to the comfort or to the well-being of the persons who receive them.

A gift should be an expression of love, and should be received as such, and in order to do away with the tendency to ostentatious or competitive or wasteful giving, gifts between persons who are on the same level socially should ordinarily be of small value. The present should suggest loving thoughtfulness and should not suggest money. If a person who has money to spare gives expensive presents to friends who are under the necessity of economizing, she puts her friends in an embarrassing situation; for they will naturally feel as if inexpensive presents in return would look too cheap to show a real appreciation of the presents received.

All Christmas presents should be given in memory of Him in whose name the day is observed, and there should be an effort at least to make all presents an expression of love and gratitude to Him. And therefore most of the money spent on Christmas presents should be employed in giving relief or happiness to those who are in need, and especially to the brethren and sisters of Christ who are in need.

"Have this mind in you which was also in Christ Jesus." What sort of

mind was it? A humble mind. Jesus was willing to be misunderstood. He was willing to be despised. Even His noblest acts were made subjects of obloquy, but He persisted in doing good. He associated with all sorts of people to show them how God loved them and to rescue them from sinful lives, although by doing so He brought Himself the contempt of the proud Pharisees.

No one can give in the spirit of Christ who does not begin by giving himself to Christ and trying to be

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON

For December 6, 1914.

CHRIST RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

Mark 16: 1-8; Matt. 28: 11-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen.—Luke 24: 5, 6.

The fact that Jesus had risen from the tomb and had showed Himself alive in His human body to His disciples, was very strongly insisted on by the apostles in their public addresses, because His resurrection was absolutely necessary to prove His divinity. If He had not risen, His death could only have been regarded as a martyrdom on a par with very many other martyrdoms, and the religion which He came to introduce, would have died with Him or would have degenerated into a foolish superstition.

"This Jesus did God raise up, whereof we all are witnesses," Peter said in his great Pentecost address; "Let all the house of Israel therefore know assuredly that God hath made Him both Lord and Christ, this Jesus whom ye crucified." (See Acts 2: 24, 32, 36, also 3: 14, 15; 4: 10; 5: 30, and 10: 40, 41.)

Paul also laid great stress on the resurrection of Jesus; although he was not himself a witness to that fact. He knew it to be a fact by the testimony of Christ Himself, from whom Paul received by special revelation the truth which he was to preach (Gal. 1: 11, 12). But Paul was able to cite the testimony of many credible witnesses in support of his assertion that Jesus had risen from the tomb. (See 1 Cor. 15: 3-8.) Paul talked so much about the resurrection that the Athenian philosophers thought he was trying to introduce to them two new gods—one called Jesus, and the other called Resurrection. (Acts 17: 18.) And Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "If Christ hath not been raised, then is our preaching vain, your faith also is vain." (1 Cor. 15: 14, 17.)

As the death of Christ signifies, and is, potentially, our death to sin, so the resurrection of Christ signifies, and is, potentially, our resurrection in Christ to a life of holiness.

"Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death? Therefore we were buried with Him through baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." (Rom. 6: 3, 4.)

"If then ye were raised together with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is, seated on the right hand of God. Set your mind on the things that are above, not on the things that are upon the earth." (Col. 3: 1, 2.)

There is no other fact in all history which it is so important to have proved by incontestable evidence as the fact of Christ's resurrection, because the truth of our religion depends on that fact. And there is evidence enough to convince any intelligent student who will examine it with a candid mind. But when we begin to study the records, we find that no two of those who have reported the facts for us give us the same story in regard to the appearances of Christ to His disciples, and that it is quite impossible to harmonize the different accounts in such a way as to make one connected narrative that will include all the facts stated.

There are discrepancies between the different accounts which cannot be harmonized. But these discrepancies are just such as any intelligent reader would expect to find in different records of a series of events made by independent narrators, and therefore, the discrepancies prove that there was no collusion between the witnesses. If they had been telling a made-up story, they would all have told the same story. All the narratives agree as to the essential facts; it is only in details and in regard to the precise order of events that they differ. It is interesting to note the difference; it is not worth while to try to explain them away.

It was the women who came first to the sepulchre, and who were the first to hear the glad news.

"They were saying, who shall roll away the stone? And looking up they saw that the stone is rolled back!" How often it happens, that when sudden insurmountable difficulties, disappear as we go up to them! Wasn't it Charles Wesley who said that if God commanded him to go through a stone wall he would go to the wall and let God make the way through it?

"Go tell His disciples, and Peter."

Why "and Peter?" Because Peter

had denied that he was a disciple of Jesus, and he could not have felt that the message was intended for him, too, if he had not been specially mentioned. By this message Peter was assured of his Lord's forgiveness, and the other apostles were given to understand that he was still one of them. But indeed, they do not seem to have had any idea of turning their backs on him; they were all too conscious of their own unfaithfulness to set themselves up as judges of Peter. Even John, who was present when Peter denied Christ, was not afraid to be found in company with Peter when the women came with news of the resurrection.

"His disciples came by night, and stole Him away." It was necessary to give some explanation of the empty tomb, but this was a very shallow falsehood; for if the statement had been true, the soldiers guarding the tomb would have been executed. As a matter of fact the disciples were too utterly confounded to have the courage or enterprise for any attempt to interfere with the course of events, even if they had been capable of such a trick. They would not even believe in the resurrection of their Lord until they had seen Him, each for himself.

NO ELOPEMENTS IN GERMANY.

One seldom hears of elopements in Germany, because it is impossible for young people to marry in that country without the consent of their parents or legal guardians. Certain prescribed forms must be gone through, or the marriage is null and void.

When a girl has arrived at what is considered a marriageable age her parents make a point of inviting young men to the house, and usually two or three are invited at the same time, so that the attention may not seem too pointed. No young man, however, is invited to the house until after he has called at least once, and signified his wish to have social intercourse with the family.

In Germany a man must be at least eighteen years old before he can make a proposal; but when it is made and accepted, the proposal is speedily followed by the betrothal. This generally takes place privately, shortly after which the father of the bride—as she is then called—gives a dinner or supper to the most intimate friends of both families, when the fact is formally announced, and shortly after it becomes a matter of public knowledge.

WONDERFUL BIRDS.

Two men were drinking together, when the conversation turned on how to feed and train canaries, which happened to be their profession. They were telling each other the merits of their birds, which were to go in a show, and both were sure of winning the prize. At last one of them said, in a sorry tone: "Ah, Tom, if I had only got the one I had last week I should not have much trouble in winning, but I had taught him to sing 'Home, Sweet Home' so much to perfection that the tears rolled down his breast till he got exhausted fell off his perch and was drowned in his own tears."

FAT SOLDIERS.

Here is a story of the late American Commander General Shafter, who, although himself a man of corpulence, had a dislike for fat soldiers. "They're no use!" he would bluster in his tremendous bass. "They're fat, they wheeze, they snort, they choke, they grunt, they groan, they waddle, they slouch through the world. Not a particle of good on earth, fat soldiers! Would not have one of 'em if I could help it!" "Er—but—er—you would not exactly call yourself slight, would you, Colonel?" a major once asked Shafter after one of these outbursts.

"Slight? No!" Shafter thundered in reply. "I've been a fat old nuisance ever since the day I typed the beam at over two hundred pounds, and then I ought to have been court-martialed and cashiered for outrageous and malicious adiposity, strict for scandalous corpulence to the prejudice of military discipline."

WHILE HE TALKED.

He had motored over twenty miles to a Lanesville town to give his lecture on cotton spinning and how to succeed with it. After he had explained the various processes it went through, he changed the subject by saying he knew a man who rose from a little pleaser to a manager.

"But to do that," cried the lecturer, "he had to strive and push himself on. My motto is 'Push,' and keep on pushing, for by that alone do we succeed in factory life."

A little pleaser at the back of the hall burst into a fit of laughter.

"Ah!" cried the lecturer, "you may laugh, but you, my lad, will have to push."

"No will tha, I reckon, mister," cackled the little pleaser, "for there's some kids been an' plinned all yer patrol for light a fire with!"

COURTING IN SPAIN.

Spain shows its individuality in courtship and marriage. In no country does love at first sight often lead to marriage. The young married girl of good social position never walks in the street without a chaperon, and it is quite permissible for any man who is attracted by a woman to follow her. He must not, however, follow her, nor ought he, on first occasion, to speak to her. If he looks please, the lady presently make an appearance on balcony and enter into conversation with him. He may even talk to when she goes out, and her chaperon will turn a deaf ear when she throws replies over her shoulder. This way each discovers the social position of the other, and if independent inquiries by parents and guardians are satisfactory the flirtation course, as his adored one's novice, the balcony pursues an unintermittent course, as his adored one's novice, this stage of courtship lasts months; but the time comes when the novice is received into the home and meets her parents.

However, never left alone with her any evening in the Castellano in which you may see young couples their second stage walking accompanied apparently by a deaf lady. The tramcars in Madrid seats for two on one side of the way and a single seat on the other, the single one is known as the "cero's."

During these stages either party free to end the friendship, but at some time when the novice through the formal ceremony of giving the lady's hand. If this granted there is an official betrothal which is generally followed within few weeks by the wedding.

RUMINATION AT CACTUS HEIGHTS.

Cactus Heights, the favorite resort of Mazepa Turner when he wishes to become thoroughly absorbed in the wonders of this locality "look upon nature up to nature God," is adorned with three different kinds of cactus. Some very large fine species of the cactus family taken away by tourists one Sunday. It is claimed that some rare pet cactus was found in some of the ridged beaver dams on highly rolling Honey Creek, Kansas City, Kansas.

MIDGET BEET PICKLES.

Select the small, new beets, while tender. Figure on one dozen to a pint jar. After washing carefully, boil for three-quarters of an hour, when they will be tender. Drain and cover with cold water and put in vinegar. In the meantime have mering one quart of cider vinegar diluted with one cupful of water (amount for four jars), one cupful sugar, two tablespoonsful of salt, one pint of pearl onions. When all are tender, the vinegar is ready to be poured into the jars over the beets. Seal well and they will keep all winter. The onions turn red, and are very pretty.

"PASS THE EAST WIND."

A little boy, one evening gazed at his father's face while, and then said: "Papa, what makes you so dreadful red?" "The east wind, of course," father answered, with grin. "Pass that jug of beer, and pass that." Then, from the other end of the table, the boy's mother said sweetly: "Yes, Tammy, pass your father's east wind, and be careful not to let any on the table-cloth."

FORCE OF HABIT.

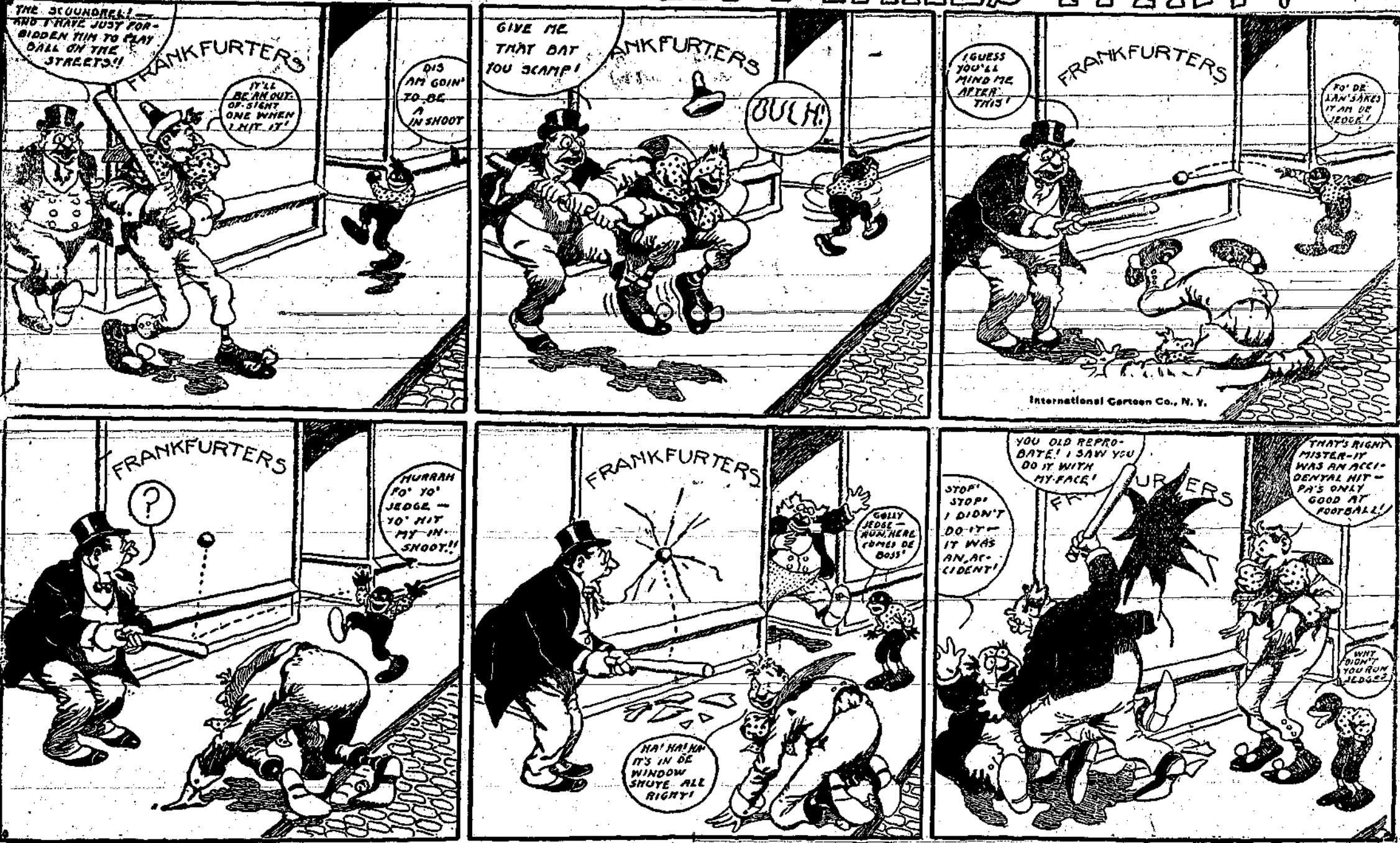
The master plumber had become rich, and was going abroad for health. On the voyage over a sailor of whom was sighted, and the plumber was seen to rub his hands in a staid, and cashed for outstretched, and malicious adiposity, strict for scandalous corpulence to the prejudice of military discipline.

"Why is he so happy?" asked a curious passenger. "He can't help it," whispered the captain. "He imagines each about a bursted water pipe, to be repaired by him at his old rates."

If the predictions of the scientists are fulfilled, some 3,000 years hence the human female will be taller than the male. Statisticians show that girls are growing more rapidly in height and putting on weight more rapidly than the boys.

The optician's success is largely visionary.

Why is a dog's tail like the head of a tree? Because it is further from the bark.



A step in time saves your reputation as a dancer.

Let the Children Learn Thrift From You!

One of the best habits your children can acquire is the habit of saving. Where will they get this habit if not from their parents? Can you set them a better example, aside from the moral qualities, than the putting away of a portion of your wages every week? Tell them why you do it, and how it will grow at interest here. Explain all about thrift, and the need of one providing for old age. You will make good citizens of them, and they will bless you long after you have gone.

May we send you a Home Savings Bank?

HAMMONTON TRUST COMPANY

**We sell Empire King
SPRAYING PUMP**

**If you want a first-class
SPRAYING NOZZLE**

**At a Low Price,
We can furnish it**

**Try Grasselli Lime and Sulphur
Solution, and
Grasselli Arsenate of Lead.**

GEORGE ELVINS,

Hammonton, - - New Jersey



**Is your heating plant
ready for its winter run?
Better let us look it over.**

Harry McD. Little

Odd Fellows Building.

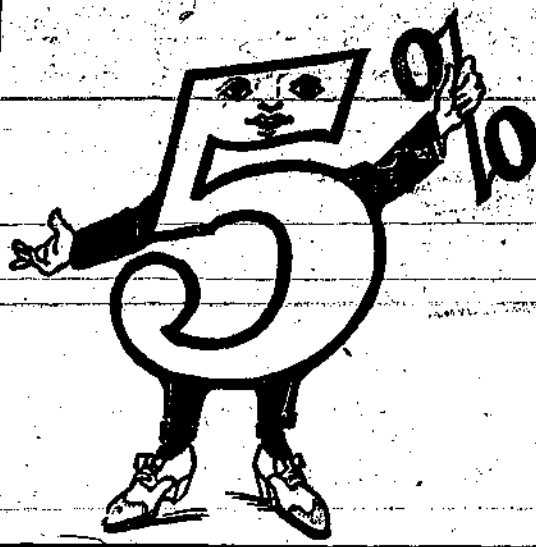
**Plumbing done in all its branches
Repairing properly done**

THE PLACE TO BUY

**Lumber Millwork Lime
Cement Coal Wood
Paint Glass Roofings
Fertilizers Wall-board Terra Cotta Pipe
Cyclone Fence**

**Both Phones—Prompt Delivery
Let us estimate on your wants.**

JOSEPH R. IMHOFF



Christmas SUGGESTIONS

**This is an Advertisement
of Gifts for "Him"!**

Christmas and the Holidays are at hand, and our store is again headquarters for appropriate and lasting gifts at prices which really represent money saving. It is certainly to your advantage to make your selections now, while our big stock contains such a wide and complete range of suitable presents. The next twenty days will be busy ones with us. Accept our advice, and make your choice now for delivery later on. We save you five per cent on all your Christmas gifts. **COME EARLY.**



**Visit our Big Shoe
Department.**

Christmas season finds in our big footwear department a wide range of choice style and dependable makes of shoes and slippers for every member of the family.

Black or tan, lace, button, gun metal, patent leather, vici, and calfskin shoes in all the prevailing popular styles.

We guarantee perfect fit.

Men's shoes, \$2.00 to \$5.00
Ladies' shoes, \$2 to \$4
Misses' shoes, \$2 to \$3.50
Boys' shoes, \$1.25 to \$2.50
Children's shoes, 50 c to \$1.25
Slippers, 65 c, \$1 to \$1.50

Shop Early

Sweater Coats.

Our Sweater Coat line is quite perfect.

We carry only the best,—the Perna Knit Coats and the University Coats.

Prices are \$1.75 to \$7

SHIRTS.

Christmas and the social season suggest new shirts as an appropriate gift for any gentleman.

Good taste is expressed in such a valuable gift.

Our shirt department is showing all of the popular patterns and designs of the season.

Find out his size, and let us show you what a little money will do.

**Classy Christmas
Neckwear.**

If you admire pretty patterns and distinctive designs in neckwear, you'll surely find our showing unexcelled.

Four-in-hand and bow ties,
25 cents to \$1.

**Special Boxes of
Christmas Hosiery.**

If you don't know what else to get for father or brother, you'll always guess right if you buy him a box of fancy black hose, in fine cotton, mercerized lisle, or silk.

25 cents and up.

**Here's the Place
for Furnishings.**

In this popular department you will find a large selection of merchandise at very economical prices.

Father, son, brother, or cousin, each will be delighted with anything you select. Look over the stock to-day; it is complete.

Collars, cuffs, cuff buttons, jewelry, collar and cuff mercerized and silk umbrellas, plain or fancy handles.

Our assortment of Christmas and holiday boxes is complete, and we can arrange to sell you almost every item in special boxes.

Shop Early

**Headquarters for
Hats and Caps.**

You can always put it as a safe selection that a styled hat or cap will be a great success.

In presenting your gift to friends with a hat, it is advisable that you select that harmonizes with the outfit.

Our salesman will select the proper choice is made.

Our Christmas hat department showing contains all the styles of the very best quality color.

Stiff and soft hats, \$1.75 to \$3.50
Caps, 50 cts., 89 cts., \$1, to \$2.50

Underwear.

Experience shows that the best of underwear is about the most substantial Christmas gift and included in this line showing guaranteed durable underwear.

Our underwear department contains only the very best from the leading mills.

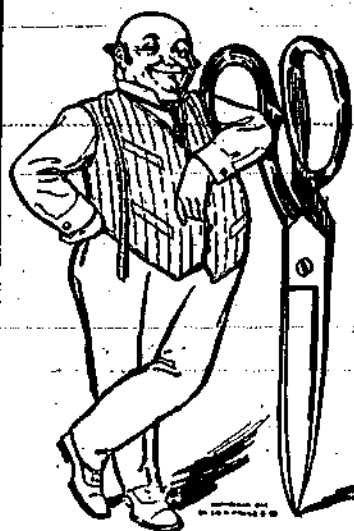
Single garments, 50 c to \$1
Union suits, \$1 to \$2.75

**Let Us Order your
Christmas Suit
and Overcoat**

From our Chicago Tailors

Edw. V. Price & Co.

Select Your Own Style To-Day!



There's not a man in town but what can find the very style and pattern for a suit or overcoat that he will appreciate and enjoy, providing he makes his selection from the unsurpassed display of our Chicago tailors.

By leaving your measure TO-DAY we can guarantee delivery before Xmas.

THE PRICES ARE REASONABLE

**Time to get
New Suspenders.**

If you wish to give an inexpensive present that any man would consider himself fortunate to receive, send him a nice pair of suspenders.

Prices range from 25 cents to 50 cents.

Dress Gloves.

The approaching holiday season, and the weather, both call for fashionable dress gloves for men. We therefore have greatly increased our lines in all the becoming colors and shades of leather, and styles.

Prices range from 50 cents to \$2 and \$3.

**Handkerchiefs are
Always Appreciated.**

Our furnishings department offers a big variety of qualities and prices, in plain and fancy initial handkerchiefs.

The prices range according to number of handkerchiefs in box.

Night Robes.

Health and comfort are to be considered more than lots of other things, and if you believe in practical gifts you could give no more suitable present than a box of men's night robes or a set of pajamas.

Prices are very reasonable.

**Come and see us, everybody, at the old stand,
MONFORT'S Gents' Furnishing and Shoe Store
Bellevue Avenue, Hammonton**